

10-31-1902

# Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Oxford, to Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, 1902 October 31

Louise Imogen Guiney

Wellesley College Archives

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I shall attend to your poetry-  
book in the early winter, sure.  
Meanwhile, you may see an  
article or two from my fist, when  
you chance to open The Atlan-  
tic. I had sent ~~them~~<sup>it</sup> nothing  
since leaving Boston, up to now,  
save a parcel of Contributor's Club  
trifles; and it is the only maga-  
zine I write for. (Appy Atlan-  
tic!) This is an all-self sort of  
a letter, to make me growl: but  
I send it. I wish I were not a he-  
mip, and I could tell you things  
worth while. However, I did go to  
the Bodleian Tercentenary recep-  
tion, where there were about 700  
men in University gowns, from  
all over Europe. Such gay birds  
never were beheld, outside the Mid-  
dle Ages: the women were simply  
nowhere as to clo'. The <sup>chief</sup> joy of the  
evening to me was a sight of Mr.  
John Morley (in his grey and scar-  
let D.C.L.). I do revere that man.  
Much love to Miss Manning.  
Ever as ever yours  
Jm. Gen.

57 S. John's Road, Oxford,  
Oct. 31, 1902.

Dearest of Anne Whitney's:

You will find a tiny  
book in this post. It will probably  
bore you a bit! but the Paulinus  
part is good reading, and you may  
glance at the Preface and the Notes  
for the sake of the editor, who  
loves you. The University Press  
folk, whose standard is very high,  
are satisfied with the work; and  
as it is the first they have given  
me to do, I am in, I think, for  
more, not so difficult, in this  
same series. It is such a delight  
to do things that you can do! I  
really finished this, under a  
thousand hindrances, last spring,  
but it is only now hot from the  
press. I used to wish to edit <sup>often</sup>  
things at home, and proposed it  
to H. M. & Co.; but the chance be-  
falls me here, and not there.

Well, my moth-  
er has arrived, as blithe as ever  
except where my Aunt is concern-



noble Document, good to re-read. Can you know  
the little Journal of all night-watches: thank y  
it. The President goes on gallantly, does he an  
cannot but love him, for I know him; yet for  
the Revivalist-phase, that he had, more high  
an essential matter. If he had, he would live  
to it. It is green-fog and monotonous-grape-  
the autumn, so far, is heavenly fair: the few  
moor, as it were, of our great tracing rainbow  
ed season. The Quail is pretty well, but never  
up to par any more. She stumbles badly, at the  
her speech, from the result of a long more dis-  
ment. As we have no servant, I never get a  
'leas; but stick constantly to my desk here, a  
ideal back at my long-loved Bohemian. My

ed. I am in something of a whirl  
of re-adjustment, and a little an-  
xious about the future, and very  
much alone, generally. But it is  
ever my faith that if you do your  
level best to keep your honor bright  
and 'follow the gleam', and stop  
being a Pig, you will somehow  
come into a quiet country. I seem  
to have to carry a rather heavy  
domestic burden, and I can do it  
much more steadily in this nerve-  
dulling clime. This doesn't sound  
very joyous, I fear. But I do en-  
joy seeing my mother again. It  
seems better for us to be together  
even though we can't (on the sub-  
ject named) pull together. (Her  
compassionate faculties are  
certainly not to the fore!) She  
tells me you have not been well.  
That is news I should like to be  
able to scoff at. Did not Plymouth  
treat you kindly, after all? I feel  
so sure it must and am Keenly.



BACK BAY STATION



To/ Miss Anne Whitney,  
The Charlesgate, Boston,  
Massachusetts.

U.P.A.

